

# Some Items for Feminine Fancy

## CIGARETTE WRECK.

Something on Order of Famous Old French Novel.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Not long ago there was an exceedingly smart wedding at Grace church, says Town Topics, which was accompanied by more than the usual amount of gossip because everybody knew that the beautiful bride had been a nervous wreck for months preceding the ceremony, and they now know that she is a nervous wreck still, due, for the most part, to excessive indulgence in cigarettes, a habit formed in Newport, Rhode Island, when she was a very young girl.

Neither she nor her husband has been seen or heard from by the general public since the wedding. They are supposed to be abroad on their honeymoon and it is not generally known that she is being treated by a specialist in the hope that she may successfully combat what has become a really serious and alarming case of nervous breakdown. This ought to point a moral to some of the girls who a year ago smoked two cigarettes during a rubber at bridge, and now smoke ten.

## ANOTHER CASE.

This case reminds me of another almost if not equally as serious. Three years ago a girl who lived with her sister and brother and widowed mother within the shadow of the Brick church acquired the cigarette habit and indulged for some months before her mother suspected. When she found it out she could do nothing. The girl was always very headstrong, did as she pleased and as the mother is inclined to be rather broadminded she submitted as gracefully as possible when the daughter smoked at the table after dinner. Later the girl's engagement was announced to a young man who belonged to a very strict Princeton Presbyterian family. It hung on for a year or more and was broken. Some said the family of the youth would not put up with the cigarettes.

After this the girl grew reckless. She had a violent flirtation with an officer of the Twenty-second regiment, and met him at the armory several times a week. The maid who chaperoned the rendezvous had orders to keep a close watch, but as maids will, she grew careless; there was a disagreement and she threatened to tell the girl's mother. Then the girl thought that it were better not to have any more trouble. During all this time there was calling upon her a young man whose late father had had a wild and reckless youth and was prominently identified in his life with the Rockaway Hunt club. The young man's grandfather was a member of a celebrated ship-ping firm of his day. They were married at the Church of the Incarnation, and three hundred and ninety of the four hundred guests declared the bride was very fortunate, and that her escape was a narrow one. She is a great granddaughter of a New Yorker very celebrated at the time of the civil war, and her people once lived on the site of what is now Del-monico's restaurant. But she has by no means become domesticated, as might have been expected, and she is as fond of cigarettes as ever she was.

## ANNA GOULD'S MAID.

Said to Be Her Adviser on Choice of Second Husband.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—What seemed to give the friends of Mme. Anna Gould final confirmation of the report that she was about to marry the Prince de Sagan is this: They learned that Mme. Gould went with De Sagan one day to call on her former maid, Aline.

For this devoted woman Mme. Gould has had the greatest affection. Since before her marriage to Count Boni de Castellane Aline has been her confidante and adviser. It is said that the maid distrusted the count and advised her mistress to safeguard her wealth by having a "separation of property" clause in her marriage contract. This, if true, saved her millions from the fate of the others squandered by her titled husband.

It is related that Count Boni learned that the control of the purse strings by his wife was the doing of Aline, and that he always detested her, and that he once dismissed her on the charge that she had stolen a diamond ring. This ring, the story goes, was found by a valet in Count Boni's pocket. The fellow servant carried it to Aline, who took it to her mistress, denouncing the plot before the count's face. The Countess Anna thereupon insisted that she must not leave her service and carried the day.

Count Boni often told his wife that she relief too much upon Aline's taste in matters of dress, and he himself undertook to teach her what to wear and how to wear it. It is said that he frequently dressed her for balls, even to the extent of putting

rouge on her cheeks and penciling her eyebrows with his own hand.

On one such occasion when he had dressed the countess, he insisted upon her wearing a triple row of pearls. The countess thought this magnificent ornament made her look overdressed and she turned to Aline with a question in her eyes.

Aline shrugged her shoulders and made a face. The countess tore off the necklace, breaking the string and spilling the jewels on the floor. Dismaying to pick them up, she swept out of the room in a pet.

It was scenes like that which proved Aline's confidential relation with her mistress and gave significance to the report that she was consulted about whether the Prince de Sagan could make Anna Gould a happy wife.

## BIT HUSBAND IN BACK.

Then Court Granted Divorce on His Showing.

DENVER, Oct. 12.—"Where is the plaintiff in this case?" demanded Judge Grant L. Hudson in the county court when the divorce case of Sarah E. Hirt against William Paul Hirt was called.

"The plaintiff has disappeared and cannot be found your honor" explained Charles Munz, attorney for Hirt. "Mr. Hirt, you will tell the court your side of the case."

It didn't take Mr. Hirt long to tell his side. He briefly explained that he was married in Denver, December 31, 1906, and that his troubles began right then and there. He denied the allegations of his wife that he had placed a knee on her chest and choked her, and that he had bitten her arm and been cruel to her in other ways. Instead, he testified that his wife had bitten him in the small of the back so severely that he was forced to give up his employment for several weeks; also that she had flown into rage at the discovery that she would become a mother and immediately took dangerous methods to prevent the birth of a child.

He had much more to tell, but the court interrupted him. "That is more than enough. Decree for the defendant."

## ADVICE TO POOR PEER.

Friends of Earl of Granard Suggest Rich Yankee Wife.

LONDON, Oct. 5.—The friends of the Earl of Granard, who has been made master of horse, are chaffing the popular young peer about his matrimonial prospects and trying to persuade him that his only chance lies in a visit to New York.

The earl is as poor as the proverbial church mouse, but he belongs to an ancient Scotch family which settled in Ireland three centuries ago, and he has a good record in every possible way.

The Earl of Selton, the last master of the horse, who is a rich man, has unbeknown to the general public, presented Lord Granard with his uniform, which is now being altered to suit the new master. It is the most costly and most gorgeous of all court uniforms, being smothered in the rich gold lace laid at on the cloth in a beautiful design.

Lord Granard will get a salary of \$10,000 per annum. The post was recently jeered at by a radical member of parliament, who wanted to abolish the office. As a matter of fact, it is the most worrying and anxious job at court. The master of the horse has to arrange every detail of the processions and be responsible for all the many departures and arrivals of royalty.

The fashion of tattooing, inaugurated in society many years ago by Mrs. Cornwallis West, then Lady Randolph Churchill, has insidiously been making progress in the ranks of society until nowadays the west end of London is able to maintain its own special tattooist.

At one time professors of this questionable art were confined to the unsavory purlieus of Poplar and Rat-cliff-Highway, and their customers were drawn from the floating seafaring population, who wished to carry an indelible record of the visit to London.

Today things are altered. In Southampton Row a man named South has opened a tattooing "studio," and society keeps him busy. His clients are not only drawn from the west end of London, but Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Paris and many other most important continental cities.

His recent productions have included a three-colored representation of the crucifixion; wild, writhing dragons; a last will and testament of four hundred words and an extensive series of masculine names; for, strange to say, most of his customers have been ladies. Most of them who are embellished in this

strange "decoration" are extremely proud of the disfigurement.

The Princess Waldemar of Denmark has gone so far as to have her photograph taken with a great, tattooed anchor standing out on her bare arm.

The brains of English hostesses have been sorely tried during the past season, owing to the vagaries of the weather. All entertaining has had to be arranged from an indoor standpoint, so that the field has been very limited.

Some novelties, however, have been forthcoming, and at least one amusement is likely to be revealed next season. This is the "Gardening Tea," to specialize it under a certain name, for the game is a most elastic one and has figured in the program at all hours.

By means of a few flowers and leaves guests are made to entertain themselves by their own ignorance. The drawing room is decorated with seasonal flowers and leaves, each different species being numbered. Each guest is provided with a card, on which, without consultation, must be inscribed the name of each specimen.

The writer of the card containing the greatest number of correct answers is awarded the prize. The fun is got out of the lack of botanical knowledge on the part of the guests, for beyond a few obvious flowers, such as the rose and carnation, the Englishman is woefully ignorant.

Another form of the same amusement is to confine the flowers to roses and to expect your guests to be able to identify the different varieties. "Leaf Tea" has also been popular, although identification has proved more difficult.

There is a promise of a "limerick" season in the autumn, when drawing room poets will be placed upon their mettle and genuine brains will be overwrought in the struggle for last lines.

## WEDDINGS BY WHOLESALE.

Over Twenty Thousand Persons Married at One Time.

The biggest wedding ever known to history was when Alexander the Great and over 10,000 of his soldiers took part in a wedding in the court of Darius, king of Persia, after the latter's conquest by Alexander. Twenty thousand two hundred and two persons were made husbands and wives in one ceremony.

The facts are these: After conquering King Darius, Alexander determined to wed Statira, daughter of the conquered king, and issued a decree that on that occasion 100 of his chief officers should marry 100 women from the noblest Persian and Median families. He further stipulated that 10,000 of his Greek soldiers should take to wife 10,000 Asiatic women.

For this purpose a vast pavilion was erected, the pillars being sixty feet high. One hundred gorgeous chambers adjoined this for the 100 noble bridegrooms, while for the 10,000 soldiers an outer court was inclosed. Outside of this tables were spread for the multitude.

Each pair had seats and ranged themselves in a semi-circle round the royal throne. As it would have taken several weeks for the few priests to have married this vast number of couples had the ceremony been performed in the ordinary way, Alexander invented a simple way out of the difficulty. He gave his hand to Statira and kissed her, and all the remaining bridegrooms did the same to the women beside them, and thus ended the ceremony that united the greatest number of people at one time ever known.

Then occurred a five days' festival which for grandeur and magnificence never has since been equaled.

## MARRY IN THE CLOUDS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—So carefully concealed were the facts that it was not until yesterday that it became publicly known that Miss Mary S. Toddhunter, a niece of General Pickett, of confederate army fame, was recently married on the summit of Little Round Top, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, to Captain Hiram Johnson, of the United States weather bureau.

The principals in the wedding had for some years occupied adjoining residences at No. 1821 and 1814 Sixteenth street Northwest.

"It was in no sense an elopement," said Captain Johnson. "I was a delegate to the convention of the Union Veteran Legion, and Miss Toddhunter was at the time visiting relatives in Gettysburg. We simply decided to be married, and agreed upon the field of Gettysburg as most appropriate for the ceremony in view of the fact that it was on that battlefield that the uncle of Miss Toddhunter, now Mrs. Johnson, made the most famous charge in the history of the civil war.

# GIRL POISONER IS DECLARED SANE

JENNIE BURCH, WHO KILLED BABY WITH POISON TO BE LIBERATED.

MATTEAWAN, N. Y., Oct. 5.—Jennie Ruth Burch, the 15-year-old nurse girl who, a year ago today, killed with poison the 2-year-old son of Herbert Winship, a well-to-do farmer of Putnam county, has been declared sane by the officials of the state asylum here, and is about to be set free.

Dr. Lamb, superintendent of the institution, said today that the girl was sane, so far as he and his colleagues could judge, when she was first received here, on the order of the supreme court at Carmel, after her acquittal of the charge of murder, and she has remained sane ever since. This, notwithstanding her hysterical outbreak at the trial, in March last, when the jury pronounced her insane.

"Continuing adolescent emotional insanity" was the high-sounding phrase used to characterize to the jury her mental condition at that time. Just what that means nobody has since been able to figure out.

"I have never seen any sign of insanity on her part," said Superintendent Lamb. "Ever since she has been here in the asylum she has been the almost constant subject of study by me and the members of the staff, and we are agreed that she is sane. That being the case, Matteawan is not the proper place for her. I have notified Supreme Court Justice Mills, who committed her here, that she is sane, and I expect her to be released shortly."

"Arrangements have been made by her grandfather to take her back under his watchful care. She will be carefully looked after. I have been assured, and will not be allowed to fall into evil ways. It is better for her to be restored to her liberty now, at the impressionable age, so that her future life and conduct may be properly fashioned by precept and advice, among good people."

"The most that can be said of Jennie Burch is that she is not what is commonly called 'well balanced.' She has what has so often been observed in children born out of wedlock—dulled moral sensibilities. I have questioned her many times and I do not believe she realizes the crime she committed in killing the baby confided to her care."

"I do not know why I did it," has been her unvarying answer when questioned regarding her act. That is the only answer anyone has been able to get out of her. She talks normally and has been an omnivorous reader of books in the asylum building. She has never attempted harm to anyone since she has been here. She does not brood, and she has never shown a disposition to melancholia. On the contrary, she is of a cheerful disposition."

Seated the other day on a bench on the grassy lawn in the women's inclosure on the asylum grounds, Jennie Burch, dressed in a blue-checked gingham dress, looked with a smile at the antics of a number of other female patients. One young woman was tumbling over on the grass trying to play handball. Another woman, with sandy hair, formerly a ballet dancer, was executing a series of terpsichorean gyrations. After each of her impromptu ballets, she ran up to the fence, which she thought was a row of footlights, and grinned at the imagined audience. None of the other old women paid any attention to her. They all had troubles of their own, and were walking around, mumbling.

"I will be glad to leave here," said Jennie Burch. "I expect to go live again with gran'pa."

Asked why she killed the Winship baby, she answered "I do not know," with an absent-minded, indifferent air. On general subjects she gave rational answers to every question. Her manner was quiet.

From one nurse it was learned that Jennie had talked very little since entering the asylum, seeking to avoid the other inmates, even those of her own age. She has done more reading than any other woman inmate. The Bible, though, has claimed little of her attention. Poetry, works of fiction and history have had a strong attraction for her.

Though she has been at Matteawan only since March 30, 1907, she has changed considerably in appearance. She has "grown like a weed," to quote one of the officials.

"She has never had one good cry since she has been here," said one of the nurses. She is not what would usually be called stolid, but suggests to those who have had her under observation an air of reserve and indifference. She rarely looks at a person straight in the eye. Her eyebrows are strongly arched and meet

over the nose, which gives to her countenance a frowning and slightly sinister aspect.

Her only visitors have been her mother, Mrs. Annie Porowski, and her grandfather, old Philo Burch. Her own father, who, according to the sworn testimony of her mother, was Isaac Stanton Field, scion of an old Putnam county family, has never been near her since she entered the asylum, and has not written or manifested the slightest interest in her. Nor has any member of his family been heard from. The child still remains paternally disowned, and, for this reason, she has aroused more than the usual interest at the big asylum, where there are over 700 inmates.

Superintendent Lamb was asked if Jennie Burch was likely to harm anyone after her release from the asylum. "I think not," he said. "Certainly not so far as we are able to judge, based on our observation of the girl. She is certainly no more likely to do harm now than at any later period of her life."

If released it is considered unlikely that the charge of arson will ever be pressed against the Burch girl. Some little time before she administered poison to the child she set fire to a big double barn on the Winship farm. Her excuse for that was she had merely wanted to see if wet hay would burn. After she killed her little charge she attempted her own life with the same poison. She could be tried for that, but it is said to be improbable that any such step will be taken.

## SHE SECURED MONEY.

Would Rather Have Faithless Love's Friendship.

FONDA, N. Y., Oct. 12.—When the third trial of the suit of Miss Nellie O'Reilly, of Elmhurst, L. I., against Dennis Sweeney, a wealthy man of Amsterdam, was called in the supreme court here today, Miss O'Reilly arose and said:

"I would rather have his friendship than his money," with which she left the courtroom and abandoned the action.

Twice has the young woman been successful in her suit against Sweeney. A jury in Nassau county, where she lived with her sister, once gave her \$15,000, the case going by default. It was reopened because Sweeney did not get a legal notice to appear. Tried at Fonda later, Miss O'Reilly was awarded \$2000, but this, too, was nullified by a reversal. Now she has voluntarily abandoned her case.

Miss O'Reilly was a choir singer in Philadelphia, studying for the operatic stage, when, in 1904, she met at Atlantic City, Dennis Sweeney, fugitive from a New York sanitarium, with nothing but money.

Sweeney had become wealthy from inventions for the improvement of sewing machines and from real estate operations, had been adjudged an incompetent and committed to a sanitarium. He was past middle age when he met the choir singer. He fell so deeply in love with her that he forthwith made her presents valued at \$8000.

In the following summer he married Miss Emma Mason of Amsterdam and so notified Miss O'Reilly, who, in her suits, asserted that the news destroyed her happiness and health and robbed her of her voice.

Mr. Sweeney, who was adjudged sane last year, was in court today, having come from his summer home at Pleasant Beach, N. J., to fight the case. Miss O'Reilly came into court stunningly garbed. Her sudden action was a great surprise.

## MARRIED HIS GRANDMA.

Grandfather Wedded Hugh Allison's Sweetheart Before He Died.

CHICAGO, Oct. 12.—A dispatch to the Record-Herald from San Francisco says:

Tom Hugh Allison of Manlius, N. Y., who married his grandmother, is here on his honeymoon. "My grandfather, Dr. Buffum, of Rochester, was a pretty old fellow," said he. "First, he disinherited my sister because she married a barber. This left me his sole heir. He decided to marry, although he was past 80, to keep me from inheriting his estate."

"I didn't know it, but the girl he picked out was my sweetheart, only 17 years old. She decided to accept his offer to save the estate for me. That was nearly six years ago. He died a year ago, and the young woman whom I called grandmother became my wife."

## BUYS FINE NECKLACE.

Jim Duke Finds a Perfect String of Pearls.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—After scouring the countries of America and Europe for the most perfect string of pearls to be found, James B. Duke, head of the tobacco trust, has just presented to Mrs. Duke—formerly Mrs. William Inman of Atlanta—a necklace that cost him \$200,000.

The one condition of purchase was

that every pearl should be flawless, and several of the larger jewelry houses in this city, London and Paris, were on the lookout. The results of the search of most of these did not meet the requirements demanded by Mr. Duke, and one necklace after another was refused, until at last the perfect necklace was found.

Every pearl in the outfit, which includes a "dog collar" necklace and an arrangement of loops of the jewels designed to fall around the shoulders, is perfect. Those entering into the collar are the size of small peas, while those that form the festoons range in size from a large pea to a hazel nut. Mrs. Duke will exhibit her pearls at the opening of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

## GROOM'S BRILLIANT THOUGHT.

Irate Parent Can Only Kill and They Would Die Together.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Rather than die together, as they had resolved, young Margaretta Magora and Nicholas Di Napoli determined, much more sensibly, to brave her father's anger and marry. Their thrilling romance ended happily Saturday when Mrs. Di Napoli was honorably acquitted of the charge of stealing \$150 from her father, who was thus foiled, aha!

Margaretta came to this country with her father three years ago, when she was 17 years old, and went to live in Patterson, New Jersey. She left, under Italy's sunny sky, her schoolmate and sweetheart, Nicholas Di Napoli, who followed her to America six months ago. He hurried to Margaretta. Old Magora ordered him from the house and threateningly told him he had best leave Patterson. Magora, his neighbors say, intended to marry his pretty daughter to a wealthy man who employs numerous organ grinders, some with monkeys.

The despairing Nicholas went to Pittsburgh, found good employment, returned to Patterson a week ago and got a message to his inamorata. She slipped out of her father's house before sunrise Wednesday morning and met him at the millrace back of the Rogers Locomotive Works. He had two revolvers; they embraced, bemoaned their fate, mingled their tears and, at his suggestion, determined to end their lives together. Then a brilliant thought struck Nicholas:

"Why should we not marry?" he exclaimed; "at the worst, your father will kill us and we will die together."

## WOULD PARE DOWN WIFE.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 12.—Because continued taking on of flesh destroyed the sylph-like lines which distinguished his wife in her youth and anti-obesity pills and the services of masseurs and other anti-corpulency doctors, paid for with more than half his earnings, did no good, John Lukse started to do the job of paring down Mrs. Lukse with a big knife.

He ran full into a policeman while brandishing a knife and yelling to his fleeing wife to halt while he did a little massage work with the blade. He was locked up, but his adipose wife's tearful entreaties won him freedom at the hands of Judge Whelan this morning.

When John courted the now corpulent wife she was slim.

Now she is stout, despite his squandering of countless dollars for treatment. He suspected her of failure to obey instructions, and when he read in a Sunday newspaper that slim figures were now the rage he started out to cut her down to fashion's size.

## WASH DAY AT WALDORF.

NEW YORK, Oct. 12.—Tuesday is the popular wash day at the Waldorf-Astoria now that the summer tourists are passing through town on their way to their various country homes. Tourists have learned the trick of the new electric iron which presses perfectly handkerchiefs, holsters, under-vests, linens—and even corsets—as I judge by the display in upper windows of this fashionable hotel. This iron is attached by a convenient long wire to the socket of any light in the room through removing the bulb. Hotel managers are wondering why fuses burn out so frequently, but my lady is ahead several dollars a week by doing "small things" herself. These secrets of the toilet are rather shocking as window decorations, but we respect economy in our dear American women.

## NO COURTING IN CHURCH.

In Cornish chapels the invariable rule is for the men to sit on one side of the building and the women on the other. A visitor and his fiancée, who were staying in the district, went to the chapel, and just before the service began the young man was greatly astounded when the chapel steward, observing that the couple were seated in the same pew, came over to him and, in an audible voice, said: "Come on out of that, me son. We don't ave no sweetheartin' ere."

—Home Chat.

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